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GARNERED SHEAVES

OF

SONG

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY

Rev. E. S. LORENZ 😭 Rev. I. BALTZELL.

DAYTON, OHIO:

W. J. SHUEY, Publisher.

1888.

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LIKE RUTH AT THE FEET OF NAOMI WE LAY BEFORE THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKER THE BEATEN GRAIN OF OUR GLEANINGS. IF HE CAN ECHO THE WORDS OF NAOMI, "IT IS GOOD," OUR LABOR SHALL HAVE MET A SUFFICIENT REWARD.

E. S. LORENZ.

I. BALTZELL.

GARNERED SHEAVES.

1.

Garnered Sheaves.

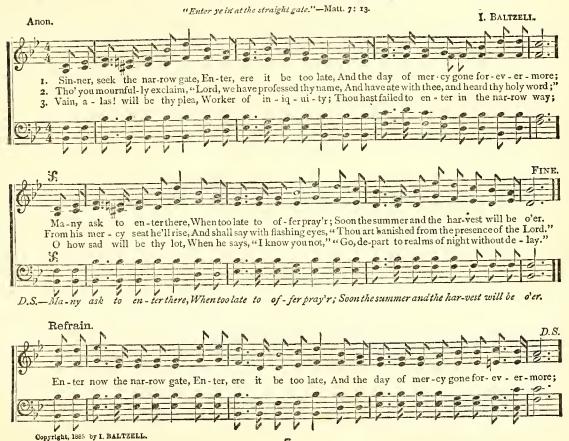


All Around the World.

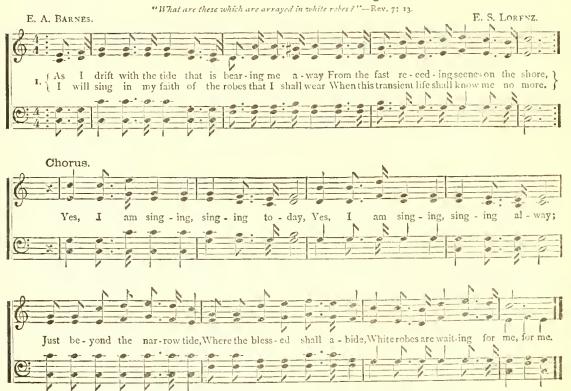
"Every tongue should conge that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father."-Imil. 2: -



Enter Now the Narrow Gate.



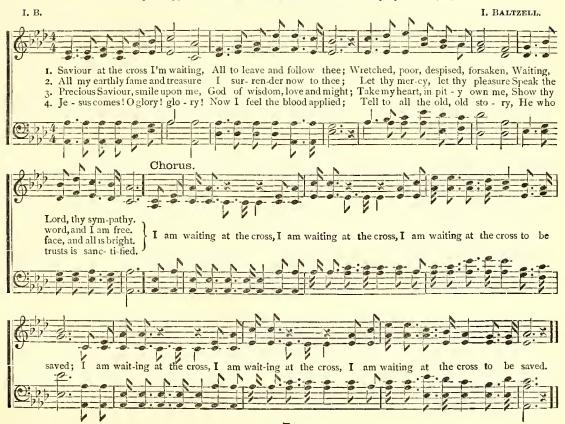
White Robes are Waiting.



- 2 I rejoice in my song and I look across the tide
 As these fleeting days go out on the wing;
 And I think of the robes all so spotless and so bright,
 In the mansions of my Saviour and King,—CHO.
 Ocyright, 1886, by E. S. LOBENZ.
- 3 Lo, I watch and I wait for the morning to appear,
 And the message that will bid me to come;
 And I trust in the Lord who has promised me a robe,
 When I anchor o'er the tide in my home.—Cho.

Waiting at the Cross.

"I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me and heard my cry,"-Psa. 40: 4.



Home Bells are Ringing.





7

1 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:

Praise him, all creatures here below; Praise him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

8

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the snn Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom spread from shore to shore,

Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet, To pay their homage at his feet; While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer he made, And endless praises crown his head; His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise

With every morning sacrifice,

4 People and realms of every tongue Dwell on his love with sweetest song, And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on his name.

9.

1 From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal arc thy mercies, Lord; Eternal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,

Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, hring; In songs of praise divinely sing; The great salvation loud proclaim, And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

10.

1 Oh, render thanks to God above, The fountain of eternal love; Whose mercy firm, through ages past, Hath stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express, Not only vast—but numberless? What mortal eloquence can raise His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return's to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

11.

1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right To every service I can pay, And call it my supreme delight To hear thy dictates and obey,

2 What is my heing, but for thee lts sure support, its noblest end, 'Tis my delight thy face to see, And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live, To him who for my ransom died; Nor could all worldly honor give Such bliss as crowns me at his side,

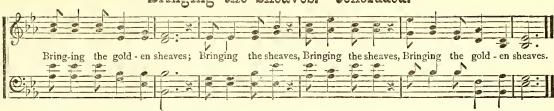


Bringing the Sheaves.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Psa. 126; 6.

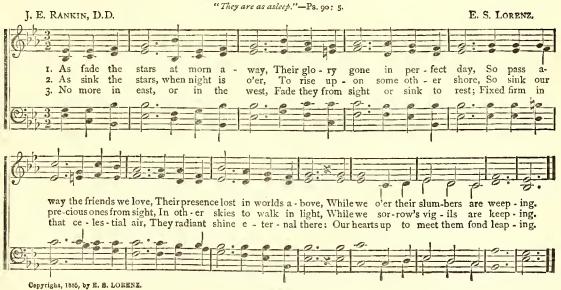


Bringing the Sheaves.—Concluded.



13.

As Fade the Stars.



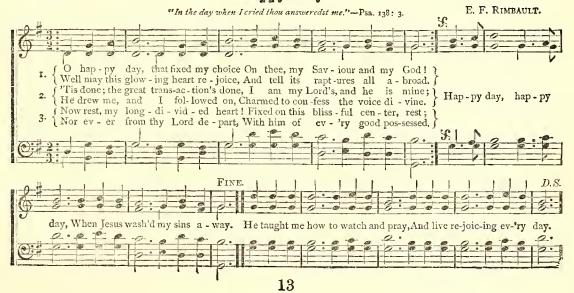
Let us Praise Him To-Day.



Let us Praise Him To-Day.—Concluded.



15. Happy Day.



Hallelujah!





- 1 From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found before the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads— A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more; And heaven comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

18.

 Oh, that I could forever dwell Delighted at the Saviour's feet, Behold the form I love so well, And all his tender words repeat!

- 2 The world shut out from all my soul, And heaven brought in with all its bliss.
- Oh! is there aught, from pole to pole, One moment to compare with this?
- 3 This is the hidden life I prize,
 A life of penitential love,
 When most my follies I despise,
 And raise my highest thoughts
 above.
- 4 Thus would I live till nature fail, And all my former sins forsake; Then rise to God within the veil, And of eternal joys partake.

19

1 Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God. I come. I come.

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, • To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God. I come. I come.
- 3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, ricbes, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

20.

- 1 So lct our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess;
 So let our works and virtues shine,
 To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad The honors of our Saviour God, When his salvation reigns within, And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Religion bears our spirits up, While we expect that blessed hope, The bright appearance of the Lord; And faith stands leaning on his word.

Hamburg. L. M.

Gregorian.



I am Glad We're on the Rock.



I am Glad We're on the Rock.—Concluded.

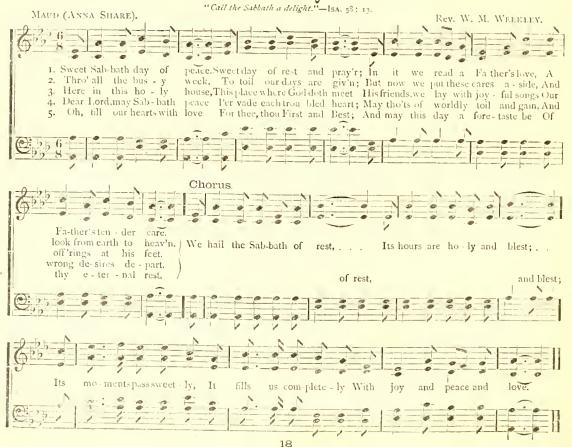


22.

Sun of my Soul. L.M.



Sweet Sabbath-Day of Peace.

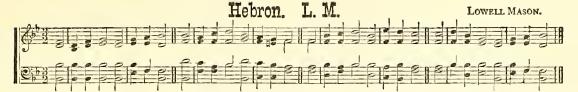


Walk in the Light.



Make Me a Worker for Jesus.





1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on. Thus far his power prolongs my

And every evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.

- 2 I lay my hody down to sleep; Peace is the pillow for my head: While well-appointed angels keep Their watchful statious round my hed.
- 3 Thus, when the night of death shall come. [ground, My flesh shall rest beneath the And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb, 1 Lord of all being! throned afar, With sweet salvation in the sound.

- 1 Go, lahor on; spend and he spent,-Thy joy to do the Father's will: It is the way the Master went: Should not the servant tread it still?
- 2 Go, labor on: 'tis not for naught: Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain; Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not. The Master praises—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here, If he shall praise thee, if he deign Thy willing heart to mark and cheer; No toil for him shall he in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice: For toil comes rest, for exile home: Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice.

The midnight peal,-"Behold! come!

Thy glory flames from sun and star; Center and soul of every sphere, Yet to each loving heart how near!

- 2 Sun of our life! thy quickening ray Sheds on our path the glow of day; Star of our hope! thy softened light, Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn: Our noontide is thy gracious dawn: Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign: All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4 Lord of all life, helow, above! Whose light is truth, whose warmth is

Before thine ever-hlazing throne We ask no luster of our own.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross. On which the Prince of Glory died. My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should hoast, Save in the death of Christ, my God: All the vain things that charm me most.

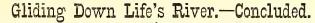
I sacrifice them to his blood.

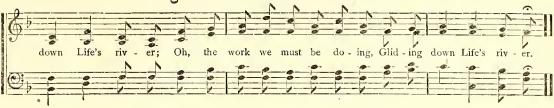
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet: Sorrow and love flow mingled down: Did e'cr such love and sorrow mect, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were all the realms of nature mine. That were a present far too small: Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.



Gliding Down Life's River.

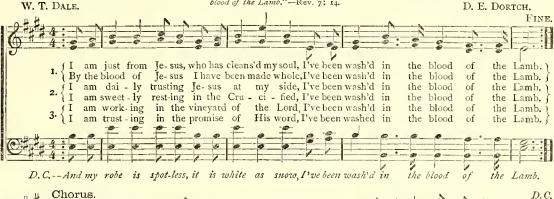






31. I've been Washed in the Blood.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the W. T. DALE.

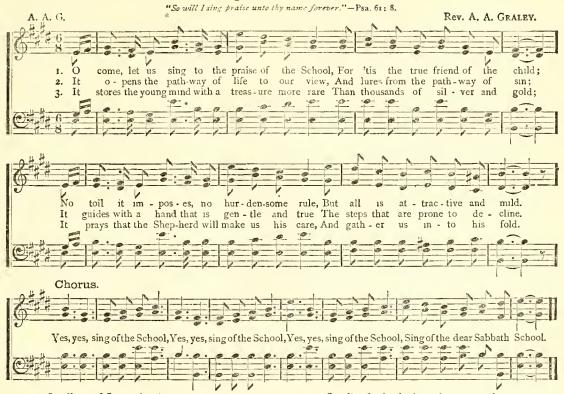




Let me Stay in His Presence!



Sing of the School.



4 It tells us of Jesus who sinners to save
Came down from his throne in the skies;
Who died on a cross, and was laid in a grave,
That sinners to glory might rise.—CHO.

5 It tells of a land where the ransomed possess A harp, and a crown, and a throne; Where purity reigns, and the fullness of bliss, Where sorrow and sin are unknown.—CHO.

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25

Resting in Peace.



Ortonville. C. M.

Dr. Thomas Hastings, 1837.



35.

- Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow;
 His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 He saw me pluuged in deep distress, He flew to my relief; For me he bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief.
- 3 To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me triumph over death, He saves me from the grave.

36.

- 1 Salvation! O the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears; A sov'reign balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears,
- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious world around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb! To thee the praise belongs; Salvation shall inspire our hearts, And dwell upon our tongues.

37

- When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage, Aud fiery darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come, Let storms of sorrow fall,— So I but safely reach my home, My God. my heaven, my all.

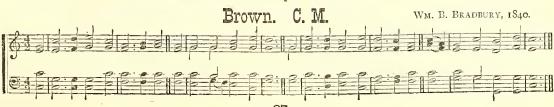
38.

1 Forever here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side: 'Tis all my hope and all my plea, "For me the Saviour died."

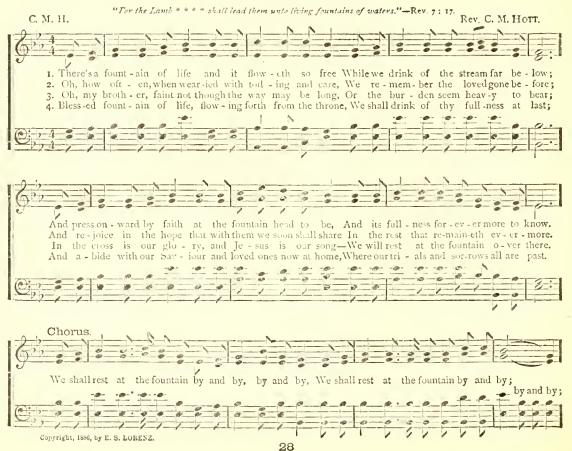
- 2 Wash me and make me thus thine own, Wash me and mine thou art! Wash me, but not my feet alone, My hands, my head, my heart!
- 3 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve,
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

39.

- 1 O for a thousand tongnes to sing My great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of bis grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim,— To spread through all the earth abroad The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus!—the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease; 'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace,



Rest at the Fountain.





When the Door is Shut.



Crown Him.



Grown After Cross.

"Il ho for the joy that mas set before him, endured the cross,"-Heb. 12: 2. Frances R. Havergal. E. S. LORENZ. af - ter loss, Strength af - ter wea - ri - ness, Crown af - ter cross, af - ter dark - ness, Gain af - ter rain, Sight af - ter mys - ter - y, Peace af - ter pain, 2. Sheaves af ter sow - ing, Sun af - ter dis - tant, Gleam af - ter gloom, Love af - ter lone - li - ness, Life af - ter tomb. bit - ter, Song af - ter sigh, Home af - ter wan-dering, Praise af - ter CIV. af - ter sor - row, Calm af - ter blast, Rest af - ter wea-ri-ness. Sweet rest at last. ter long a-go-ny Rap - ture of bliss, Right was the path - way Lead - ing to this. Now comes the weep-ing, Then the glad reap-ing; Now comes the la-bor hard, Then the re-ward.

Evan. C. M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL



45

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord In one another's peace delight, And so fulfill his word!
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part; When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart:—
- 8 When free from envy, scorn, and pride, Our wishes all above, Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love;—
- 4 When love, in one delightful stream, Through every bosom flows! When union sweet, and dear esteem, In every action glows.

46

1 Father, whate'er of earthly biss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free; The blessings of thy grace impart, And make me live to thee,
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death attend; Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.

47

- I The Saviour bids us watch and pray Through life's brief, fleeting hour, And gives the Spirit's quickening ray To those who seek his power.
- 2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray, Maintain a warrior's strife; Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day; Obedience is our life.
- 3 The Saviour blds us watch and pray, For soon the hour will come That calls us from the earth away To our eternal home.

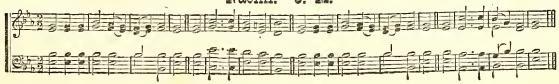
4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray, And hear thy sacred voice, And walk, as thou hast marked the way, To heaven's eternal joys.

48.

- 1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow When God recalls his own, And bids them leave a world of woe For an immortal crown?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
 Whose life to God was given?
 Gladly to carth their eyes they close,
 To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past, their work is done, And they are fully blest; They fought the fight, the victory won, And entered into rest.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow; God has recalled his own; But let our hearts, in every woe, Still say, "Thy will be done."

Naomi. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



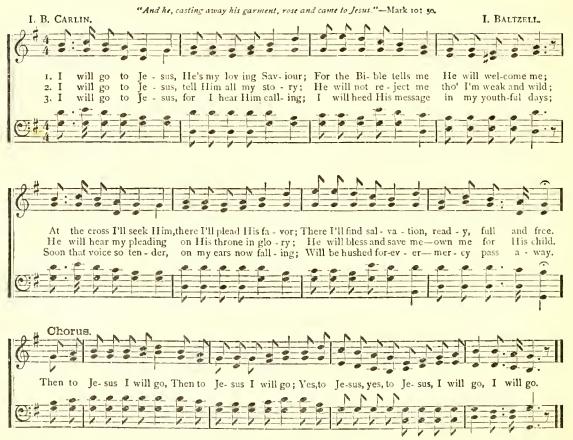
They are Clothed in Spotless Robes.

"Clothed with white robes, and palms of their hands."-Rev. 7: 9. I. B. CARLIN. I. BALTZELL. 1. Round the throne he - hold a glo - rious band. singing. Washed the blood of the Lamb: They have come from ev - 'ry land to sing Washed in the blood glo-ry, the Lamb: of trih - u - la - tion great they came, Washed in the blood the Lamb: cry-ing, your heart is free from ev - 'ry sin, hrother,-Washed in the blood the Lamb: Hap - py saints with an- thems on their lips ring-ing. Washed in the blood the Lamb. Hear them chant with hap - py hearts the old sto - ry, Washed in the blood the Lamb. They are free from sor - row, free from earth's sigh-ing, Washed in the blood the Lamb. With the blood-washed mil - lions you may sing, Washed in broth-er. the blood the Lamb. Ohorus. They are clothed in spotless robes, in spotless robes; They are clothed They are clothed in spotless robes, beau-ti-ful robes, They are clothed in spotless robes, beautiful robes;

They are Clothed in Spotless Robes.—Concluded.



Then to Jesus I Will Go.



Shout Aloud the Heavenly Chorus.

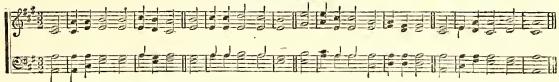


Do you Wonder that I Love Him?



Azmon. C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.



54

- I Awake, my soul—stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly race demands thy zeal, A bright, immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around Hold thee in full survey; Forget the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way.
- 3 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee, Have we our race begun; And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet We'll lay our laurels down.

55

- 1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me; I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 Thro' many dangers, tolls, and snares, I have already come;

'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

3 The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope secures; He will my shield and portion be As long as life cudures,

56,

1 There is a fountain, filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plunged beneath that flood.

Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away,
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransomed Church of God
 - Are saved, to sin no more.

57.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear; [wounds,
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary, rest,
- 3 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King; My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring.

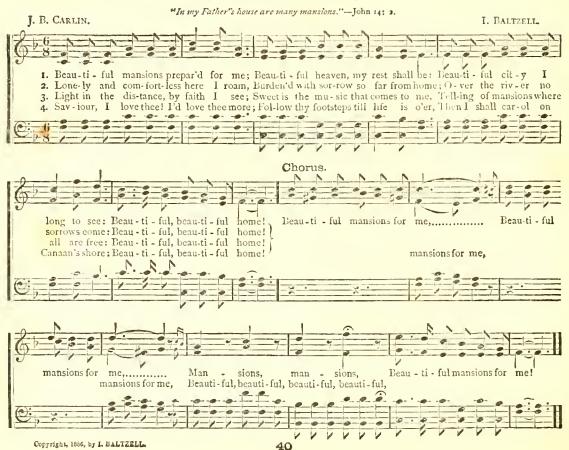
58.

- 1 Father, I stretch my hands to tbee, No other help I know; If thou withdraw thyself from une, Ah, whither shall I go?
- 2 Author of faith, to thee I lift
 My weary, louging eyes;
 Oh, may I now receive that gift,
 My soul without it dies.

I Do Believe. C. M.

Cno.—I do believe, I now believe That Jesus died for me; And thro' his blood, his precious blood I shall from sin be free.

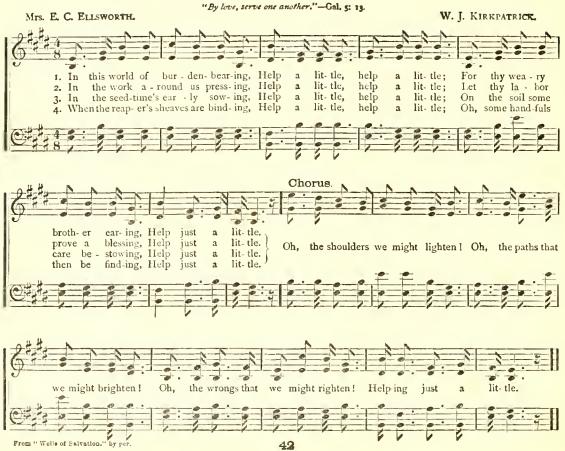
Beautiful Mansions.



Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.



Help A Little.



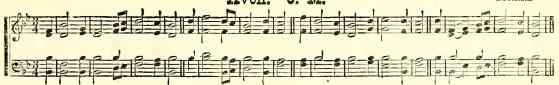


Bring Them In.





Scottish.



64.

- I Jesus, the Name high over all, In hell, or earth, or sky; Angels and men hefore it fall, And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear— The Name to sinners given; It scatters all their guilty fear; It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Oh, that the world might taste and see
 The riches of his grace;
 The arms of love that compass me,
 Would all mankind embrace.

65.

- 1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise Within the veil, and see
 The saints ahove, how great their joys, How hright their glories he.
- 2 Once they were mourners here below And poured out eries and tears; They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 Iask them whence their vic'try came; They, with united breath, Ascribe their conquest to the Lamh, Their triumph to his death.

66.

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their But all their joys are one, [tongues,
- 2 Worthy the Lamh that died, they cry, To be exalted thus; Worthy the Lamh, our hearts reply, For he was slain for us.
- 3 The whole creation join in one, To bless the sacred Name Of him that sits upon the throne, And to adore the Lamb.

67.

1 Return, O wanderer, return, And seek thy Father's face; Those new desires which in thee burn Were kindled by his grace.

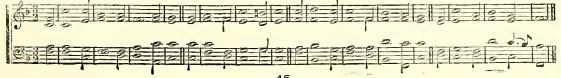
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return, He hears thy humble sigh; He sees thy softened spirit mourn, When no oue else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
 Thy Saviour hids thee live;
 Come to his cross, and grateful learn
 How freely he'll forgive.

68.

- 1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
 Witb sweetness fills the breast;
 But sweeter far thy face to see,
 And in thy presence rest.
- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the memory find A sweeter sound than Jesus' name, The Saylour of mankind.
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
 O Joy of all the meek,
 To those who ask, how kind thou art,
 How good to those who seek,

Mear. C. M.

Welsh Air.



45

Walk in the Light.

"But if we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another; and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7. S. J. G. Rev. S. T. GRAHAM. 1. I've found the road that leads to God, Let us walk in the light of God; 'Tis marked by Christ's own precious blood, 2. This ho - ly way still grows more bright, Let us walk in the light of God; De - spair and sor - row take their flight, 3. We march in safe-ty, Christ is near, Let us walk in the light of God; And tho'ts of heav'n our spir-its cheer, 4. Come, sinner, come, no long - er roam, Let us walk in the light of God; Come, go with us to that bright home, Chorus. Let us walk in the light of God. Let us walk in the light, in the light of God, In the way all the ho - ly and ransomed have trod; Sincethe Sav-iour I have found, there is glo-ry all around, Let us walk in the light of God.

Fly to the Fountain.

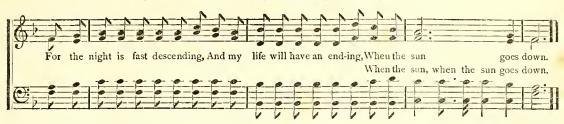


Ere the Sun Goes Down.

"Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you."-John 121 35.



Ere the Sun Goes Down.—Concluded.



72.

Coronation.



God is Love.



Balerma. C. M.

R. SIMPSON.



74.

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by every foe, That will not tremble on the hrink Of any earthly woe;
- 2 That will not murmur or complain Beneath the chast ning rod, But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean upon its God.
- 3 Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, whate'er may come, We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss Of an eternal home.

75.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers; Kindle a flame of heavenly love In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live At this poor dying rate? Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers; Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours,

76.

- 1 O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from s'n set free:— A heart that always feels thy blood, So freely spilt for me:—
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne; Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A heart in every thought renewed, And full of love divine; Perfect and right, and pure, and good, A copy, Lord, of thine,

77.

1 O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb!

- 2 Return, O Holy Dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest! I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast.
- 3 The dearest idol I have known, Whate'er that idol be, Help me to tear it from thy throne, Aud worship only thee.

78.

- I Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Uttered or unexpressed; The motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, The Christian's native air, His watchword at the gates of death; He enters heaven with prayer.

Peterborough. C. M.

RALPH HARRISON.





Gleaners in the Harvest Field.



Come to the Cross.



From " Holy Voices," by per.

Are you Christ's Light Bearer?

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."-Matt. 5: 16. PRISCILLA J. OWENS. REV. I. BALTZELL. shar - er? Is this dark world fair - er For your I, Are you Christ's light bear - er? Of His joy a 2. Is your heart warm glow-ing, With His love o'er-flow-ing, And His good-ness show-ing, More and 3. Keep your al - tars burn- ing, Wait your Lord's re - turn - ing, While your heart's deep yearn-ing Draws Him cheer-ing ray? Is your bea - con light-ed, Guiding souls be-night-ed To the land of per - fect day? more each day? Are you press-ing onward, With His faith. ful vanguard, In the safe and nar-row way? ev - er near; With His radiance splendid Shall your light be blend-ed When His glo-ry shall ap - pear? D.S. Are you ev - er yearning for your Lord's returning? Are you watch-ing day Chorus. broth-er, is your lamp trimm'd and burn ing? Is the world made bright- er by its cheer ing

55

The Sure Foundation.

"And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." - Eph. 21 20. F. E. Belden. Rev. A. A. ARMEN. I. We build on the sure foun - da - tion, This world is sink - ing sand; We build on the tock Sal-2. Tho' fierce ly the tem - pest rag - es, And loud the bil-lows roar, Yet firm on the Rock of 3. O le - sus, our soul's foun - da - tion! Thy strength our strength shall be, 'Till free from this world's tempva - tion, E - ter - nal - ly to stand. A - ges We're an-chored ev - er - more. O build on the Corn - er Stone! 'Tis Je - sus Christ ata - tion, We rest at last with thec. The hope The soul se - cure, That rests on the Corn - er Stone. sure. Copyrigat, 1836, by E. S. LORENZ. 56



84

- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free?— No; there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.
- 2 The consecrated cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free, And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me,
- 3 O, precious cross, O, glorious crown! O, resurrection day! Ye angels from the stars come down, And bear my soul away.

85.

- 1 To our Redeemer's glorious name, Awake the sacred song: Oh, may his love, immortal flame, Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love what mortal tho't can reach, What mortal tongue display?

Imagination's utmost stretch In wonder dies away.

3 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme, Fill every heart and tongue, Till strangers love thy charming name, And join the sacred song.

86.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross? A follower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Sure, I must fight, if I would reign: Increase my courage, Lord; I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by thy word.

87.

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as 1?
- 2 Was It for crimes that I have done He groaned upon the tree? Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When Christ, the mighty Maker, died For man, the creature's sin!
- 4 Thus might I hide my hlushing face, While his dear cross appears; Dissolve my heart in thankfuluess, And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe; Herc, Lord, I give myself away; 'Tis all that I can do.

Arlington. C. M.

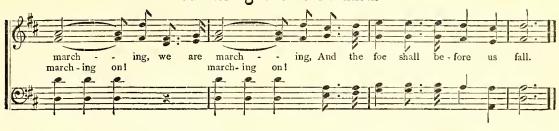
THOMAS A. ARNE.



Marching On.



Marching On.—Concluded.



89.

The Door is Shut.



Marching on to Canaan.

"They shall march with an army."-Jer. 46: 22. W. A. OGDEN. Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD. I. We are marching on to Ca - naan, And Je - ho-vah is our guide, We are marching thro' the 2. We are marching thro'the des - ert, And the man-na all a-round With the dew of night is To the land of milk and 3. We are marching thro' the des - ert To the promised land di- vine, Duet. In the dark-ness, or the dan at our side. ing, And cov-ring all the ground. From the smit-ten rock the wa - ters ey, To the land of corn and wine. We are march-ing thro' the des - ert, nev - er go a - stray our lead - er, And our With Te - ho - vah for their spark- ling full-ness flow, re - fresh - ing Us the Thus de - light - ing and ap - proach the shin - ing shore, the Jor . dan We shall our home be-yond 60 Copyright, 1885, by W. A. OGDEN. By permission.





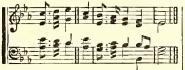
To the distant shining shore,
Where the long dark night of sin shall cease,
And the saints shall weep no more.

To the home where tears shall cease!

Many lov'd ones shall wait you over there

In the land of joy and peace.





- I There is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 2 Sweet fields heyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between. Could we hut climh where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood.

Should fright us from the shore.

93.

- I I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
 "Come unio me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one! lay down
 Thy head upon my breast."
 - I came to Jesus as I was, Weary, and worn, and sad;
- I found in him a resting-place, And he has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,

 "Behold! I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one!
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
- Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived.

And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,

And all thy day be bright,"

I looked to Jesus, and I found, In him, my Star, my Sun; And, in that light of life, I'll walk Till traveling days are done.

94.

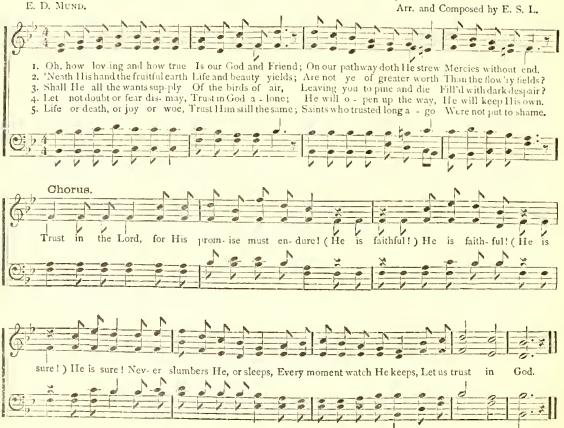
- 1 Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name, And in his strength rejoice; When his salvation is our theme, Exalted he our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight, And psalms of honor sing; The Lord's a God of boundless might— The whole creation's King.
- 3 Come, and with humble souls adore; Come, kneel before his face; Oh, may the creatures of his power Be children of his grace!
- 4 Now is the time—he bends his ear, And waits for your request; Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,

"Ye shall not see my rest."

Henry. C. M. Sylvanus B. Pond, 1835.

Let us Trust in God.

"O my God, I trust in Thee; let me not be ashamed."-Ps, 25: 2.



Take my Heart, Dear Jesus.

"I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them a heart of flesh,"-Ezek, 11; 19.

I. BALTZELL, AMICUS. I. Take my heart, dear Jesus, Make it all Thine own—All Thine own, all Thine own; Let Thy Holy Spirit break this 2. Take my heart, dear Jesus, Make it pure and clean-Pure and clean, pure and clean; Let Thy blood still flowing, wash a-3. Take my heart, dear Jesus, Make it white as snow - White as snow, white as snow; May the cleansing fountain, May its Chorus. Take my heart . . . and let . it be heart of stone, And make me all Thine own. Every way my sin, And make me pure and clean. pre-cious flow, Still keep me white Take my heart and let it be, and let it be snow. ment more like Thee: At Thy feet I bow; Take my heart just now, And make me all Thine own. Every moment, every moment more like Thee.

Waiting for the King.



Waiting for the King.—Concluded.



98.

Press on, My Soul.

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God."-Phil. 3: 14.



I Want to be a Worker.





- 1 Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.

101

- 1 How helpless nature lies, Unconscious of her load! The heart unchanged can never rise To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught but power divine The stubborn will subdue? 'Tls thine, eternal Spirit, thine To form the heart anew.

3 O change these hearts of ours, And give them life divine; Then shall our passions and our Almighty Lord, be thine. [powers,

102.

- I Did Christ o'er sinners weep? And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of penitential grief Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears
 The wondering angels see;
 Be thou astonished, O my soul,
 He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep; Each sin demands a tear; In heaven alone no sin is found, And there's no weeping there.

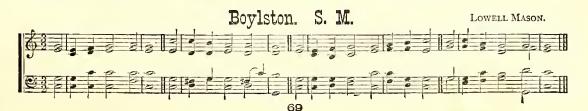
103.

1 O for the death of those Who slumber in the Lord! O be like theirs my last repose, Like theirs my last reward.

- 2 Their bodies in the ground, In silent hope may lie, Till the last trumpet's joyful sound Shall call them to the sky.
- 3 Their ransomed spirits soar, On wings of faith and love, To meet the Saviour they adore, And reign with him above.

104.

- 1 O where shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'Twere vaiu the ocean's depths to
 sound,
 Or pierce to either pole,
- 2 The world can never give
 The hliss for which we sigh;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years;
 And all that life is love.



Walking with the Saviour.

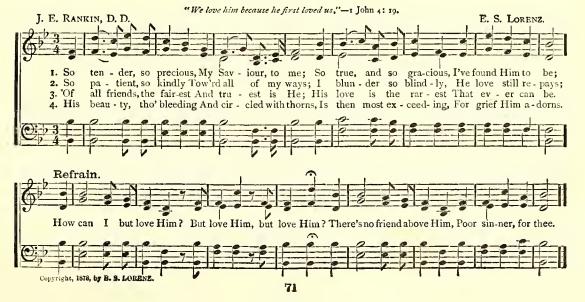


70

Walking with the Saviour.—Concluded.



106. How Can I but Love Him?



A Brighter Day.

"Arise, shine: for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.—Isa. 60: 1.





Dear - er and

fond - er,

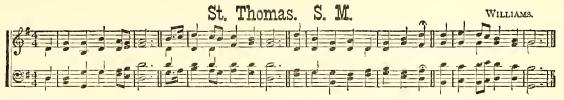
Saved by his grace.

Saved by his grace;

Dear - er and fond - er,

Hand in Hand with Jesus.





- 1 Stand up, and bless the Lord, Ye people of his choice; Stand up, and bless the Lord your God. With heart and soul and voice.
- 2 Oh, for the living flame
 From his own altar brought,
 To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
 And wing to heaven our thought!
- 3 God is our strength and song, And his salvation ours; Then be his love in Christ proclaimed With all our ransomed powers.

111.

- 1 Awake, and sing the song Of Moses and the Lamb; Wake, every heart and every tongue, To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love; Sing of his rising power; Sing how he intercedes above For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way, Ye ransomed sinners, sing; Sing on, rejoicing every day In Christ, the eternal King,

112.

- 1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,—
 The house of thine abode,—
 The Church our blest Redeemer saved
 With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God1 Her walls before thee stand, Dear as the apple of thine eye, And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers ascend; To her my cares and tolls be given, Till toils and cares sball end,
- 4 Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

113.

1 A charge to keep I have, A God to glorify; A never-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky:—

- 2 To serve the present age, My calling to fulfil,— Oh! may it all my powers engage To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care, As in thy sight to live; And, oh! thy servant, Lord! prepare A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray, And on thyself rely; Assured, if I my trust betray, I shall forever die,

114.

- 1 Give to the winds thy fears;
 Hope, and be undismayed; [tears;
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy
 God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms, He gently clears thy way; Wait thou his time, so shall tois night Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 What though thou rulest not?
 Yet beaven, and earth, and hell
 Proclaim, "God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well."

Shirland. S. M. SAMUEL STANLEY.

The Treasures of Heaven.

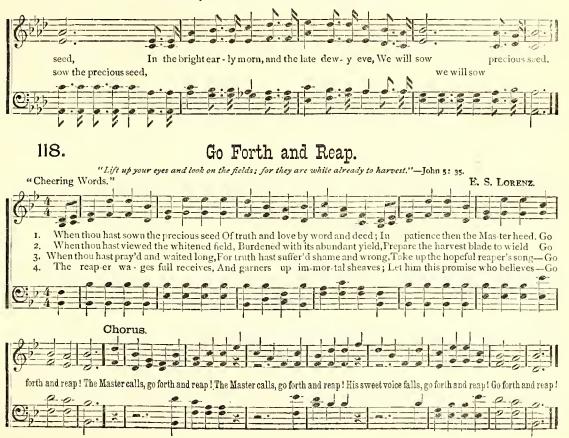




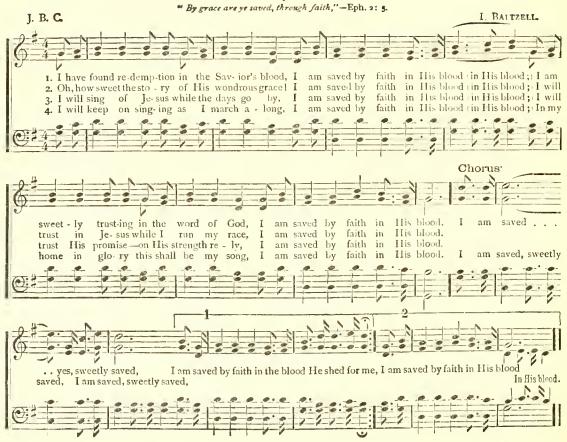
Lord, I Go to Sow.



Lord, I Go to Sow.—Concluded.



Saved by Faith.





120

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise; Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near, And feasts his saints to-day; Here we may sit and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 My willing soul would stay in such a frame as this, And sit and sing herself away To everlasting bilss.

121.

- I Blest are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see our God;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs,
 Their soul is his abode
- 2 Still to the lowly soul He doth himself impart; And for his temple and his throne Selects the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O, give the pure and low! heart,
A temple meet for thee.

122.

- I O, what, if we are Christ's, Is earthly shame or loss? Bright shall the crown of glory be When we have borne the cross.
- 2 Keen was the trial once,
 Bitter the cup of woe,
 When martyred saints, baptized in
 Christ's sufferings shared below.
- 3 Bright is their glory now, Boundless their joy above, Where, on the bosom of their God, They rest in perfect love.

123.

1 My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

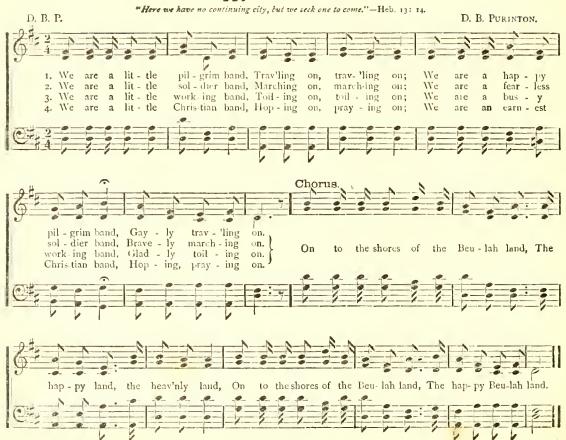
- 2 O, watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er; Renew it boldly every day, And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the viet'ry won, Nor lay thine armor down; Thy ardnous work will not be done Till thou obtain thy erown.

124

- 1 Onee more, before we part, O, bless the Saviour's name; Let every tongue and every heart Adore and praise the same,
- 2 Lord, in thy grace we came, That blessing still impart; We met in Jesus' sacred name, In Jesus' name we part.
- 3 Still on thy holy word Help us to feed and grow, Still to go on to know the Lord, And practice what we know.



Happy Beulah Land.



Meet Me at the King's Right Hand.

"Then shall the King say to them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed."-Matt. 25: 24. I. BALTZELL. PRISCILLA J. OWENS. I. Meet me at the King's right hand, Scholars dear of mine; Gathered there, a joy-ful band, Saved by love di-vine. In that dread and solemn day Tribes of earth shall meet; Cast-ing off their proud ar-ray At the judgment-seat. Oh, remember in your youth, Time must pass a-way; Heed the Saviour's words of truth, Think of that great day. 4. Come to Christ, a will-ing band, Scholars dear of mine; Then, up-on the King's right hand, I shall see you shine. Chorus. Let me see you waiting stand Ready for the glory-land; Robed and crown'd with angels round, Robed and crown'd with an-gels round, Meet me, oh, meet me! Meet me, oh, meet me at the King's right hand.

Whiter than the Snow.



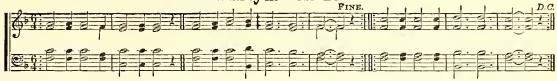


Steer for the Star.





SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.



130.

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the raging billows roll, While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe into the haven guide; O, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, O, leave me not alone;
 Still support and comfort me;
 All my trust on thee is stayed;
 All my-help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin; Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within. Thou of life the fountain art; Freely let me take of thee; Spring thou up within my heart; Rise to all oternity.

131.

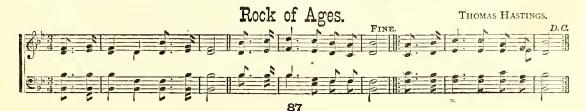
- 1 Earth has nothing sweet or fair, Lovely forms or beauties rare, But before my eyes they bring Cbrist, of beauty Source and Spring. When the morning paints the skies, When the golden sunbeams rise, Then my Saviour's form I find Brightly imaged on my mind.
- 2 When I see in spring-tide gay, Fields their varied thus display, Wakes the thrilling thought in me,—What must their Creator be? Lord of all that's fair to see, Come, reveal thyself to me; Let me, 'mid thy radiant light, See thine unveiled glories bright.

132.

1 Children of the heavenly King, As we journey let us sing; Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways. We are trav'ling home to God, In the way our fathers trod; They are bappy now, and we Soon their happiness shall see. 2 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand On the borders of our land; Jesus Christ, our Father's Son, Bids us undismayed go on. Lord! obediently we'll go, Gladly leaving all below: Only thou our leader be, And we still will follow thee.

133.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the water and the blood From thy wounded side which flow'd, Be of sin the double cure— Save from wrath and make me pure,
- 2 Could my tears forever flow, Could my zeal no languor know; These for 6in could not atone; Thou must save, and thou alono, In my hand no price I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this ifecting breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold thee on thy throne,—Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.



"Whosoever Will may Come."



Whosoever Will may Come.—Concluded.



89

Give Me the Bible.

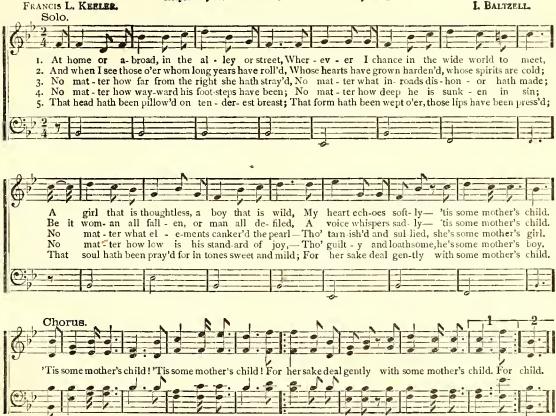


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'Tis Some Mother's Child.

Respectfully dedicated to the Christian workers everywhere,

L BALTZELL



It is Well with the Righteous.



Pleyel. 7s.

Adapted from IGNACE PLEYEL.



139.

- 1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise! Stay not for the morrow's sun; Wisdom, if you still despise, Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten mercy to implore! Stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest thy season should be o'er, Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return! Stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest thy lamp should fail to burn Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be hlest! Stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest perdition thee arrest Ere the morrow is begun.

140.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy still reserved for me? Can my God his wrath forbear,— Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

- 2 I have long withstood his grace, Long provoked him to his face; Would not hearken to bis calls, Grieved him by a thousand falls,
- 3 Now incline me to repent, Let me now my sins lament; Now my foul revolt deplore, Weep, helieve, and sin no more.

141

- I Holy Bible! book divine! Precious treasure! thou art mlne! Mine, to tell me whence I came; Mine, to teach me what I am;
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove; Mine, to show a Saviour's love; Mine art thou to guide my feet; Mine, to judge, coudemn, acquit:

3 Mine, to comfort in distress, If the Holy Spirit bless; Mine, to show by living faith Man can triumph over death

142.

- 1 Saviour, teach me day hy day, Love's sweet lesson to ohey; Sweeter lesson can not be, Loving him who first loved me,
- 2 With a child-like heart of love, At thy hidding may I move; Prompt to serve and follow thee, Loving him who first loved me.
- 3 Teach me all thy steps to trace, Strong to follow in thy grace; Learning how to love from thee, Loving him who first loved me.
- 4 Love in loving fluds employ— In obedience all her joy; Ever new that joy will be, Loving him who first loved me.

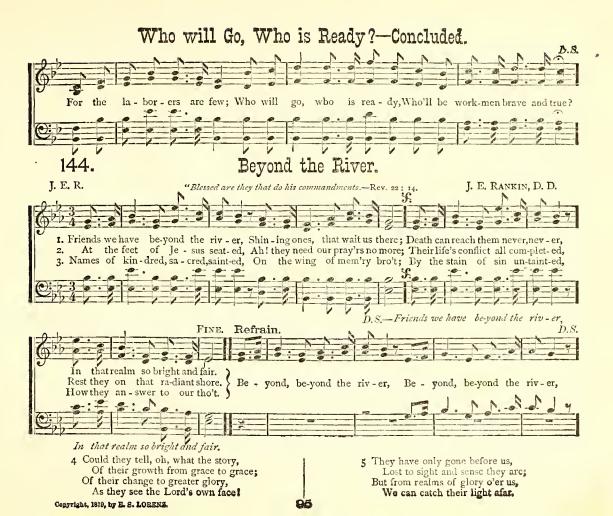
Spanish Hymn. 7s.

Spanish Hymn.

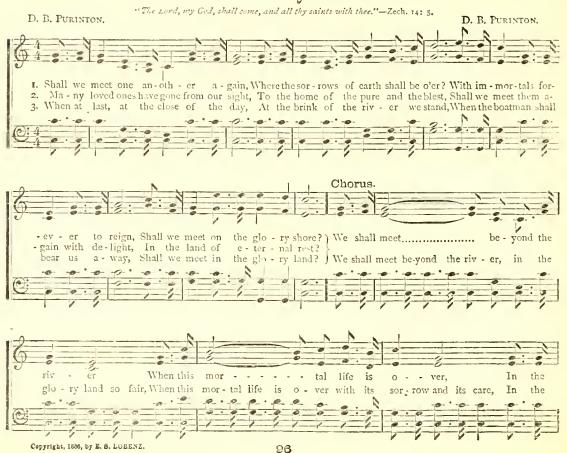


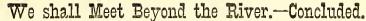
Who will Go, Who is Ready?

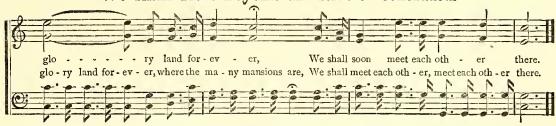




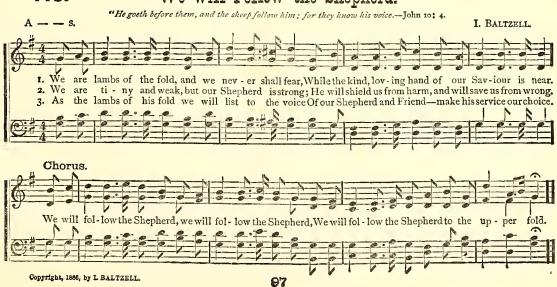
We shall Meet Beyond the River.



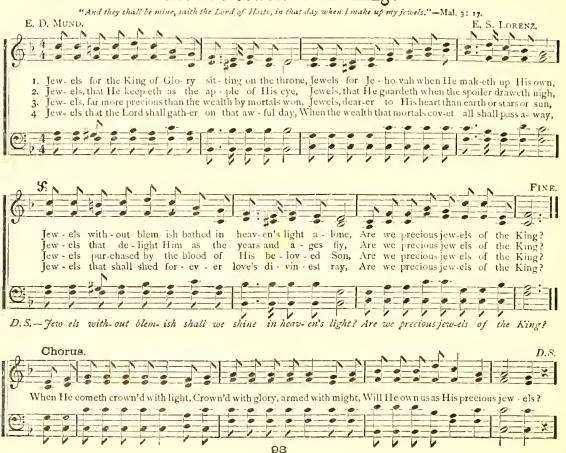




We will Follow the Shepherd.



Are We Jewels of the King?





- 1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise; Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it, Mount of thy redeeming love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
 Hither by thy belp I come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure
 Safely to arrive at home;
 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 O to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be I
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee;
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love,
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it for thy courts aboye.

149.

- 1 Hark! the voice of Jesus ealling,
 "Who will go and work to-day?
 Fields are white and harvests waiting,
 Who will bear the sheaves away?"
 Loud and long the Master calleth,
 Rich reward he offers free;
 Who will answer, gladly saying,
 "Here am I, seud ne, send me!"
- 2 Let none hear you idly saying, "There is nothing I can do," While the souls of men arc dying, And the Master calls for you: Take the task he gives you gladly; Let his work your pleasure be; Answer quickly, when he calleth, "Here am I, send me, send me!"

150.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd, lead us, Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare:
!! Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are:

2 We are thine, do thon befriend us, Be the guardian of our way; Keep thy flock, from sin defend us, Seck us when we go astray; ": Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray:

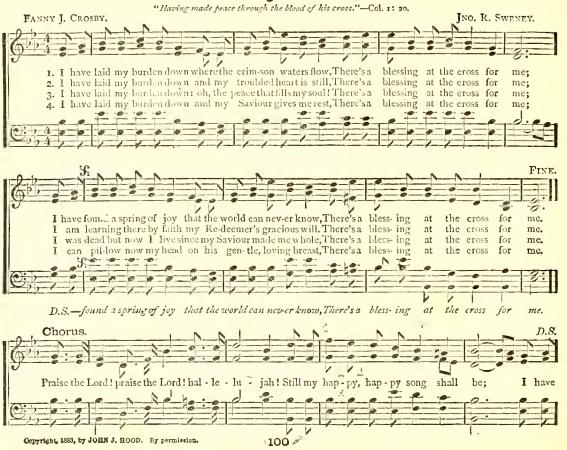
51.

- 1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave, and follow thee;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
 Perish, every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, and hoped, and
 known;
 - Yet how rich is my condition, God and heaven are still my own!
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too; Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not, like man, untrue; And, while thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love and might, Foes may hate, and friends may shun me.

Show thy face, and all is bright.



There's a Blessing at the Cross for Me.



Suffer Little Children.



Holy Voices.

"They sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb."-Rev. 15: 3.



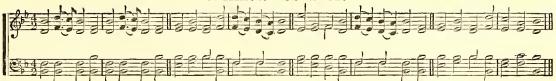


When the Harvest Comes.



Wilmot. 8s & 7s.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



1 Praise the Lord: ye heavens! adore

Praise him, angels in the height! Sun and moon! rejoice before him; Praise him, all ye stars of light!

- 4 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken: Worlds his mighty voice obeyed; Laws, which never shall he broken, For their guidance he hath made.
- & Praise the Lord, for he is glorious: Never shall his promise fail; God hath made his saints victorious: Sin and death shall not prevall.

Praise the God of our salvation, Hosts on high his power proclaim: Heaven and earth, and all creation! Laud and magnify his name.

1 There's a fullness in God's mercy, Like the fullness of the sea: There's a kindness in his justice. Which is more than liherty.

2 There's no place where earthly sorrows | 3 Lord, in eeaseless contemplation Are more felt than up in heaveu; There's no place where earthly failings Have such kindly judgment given.

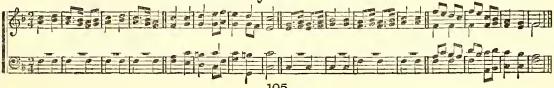
- 3 For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mlnd: And the heart of the Eternal Is most wonderfully kind.
- 4 If our love were hut more simple, We should take him at his word; And our lives would he all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.

- 1 Sweet the moments, rlch ln hlessing, Which hefore the cross I spend, Life, and health, and peace possessing From the sinner's dving Friend.
- 2 Here I'll rest forever viewing Mercy poured in streams of blood: Precious drops, my soul hedewing, Plead and elaim my peace with God.

Fix my thankful heart on thee. Till I taste thy full salvation, And thine unveil'd glory see.

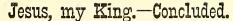
- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory. Towering o'er the wrecks of time: All the light of sacred story Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy, Never shall the cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of hliss is heaming Light and love upon my way, From the cross the radiance streaming Adds more luster to the day.
- 4 Bane and hlessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanctified: Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that through all time abide.

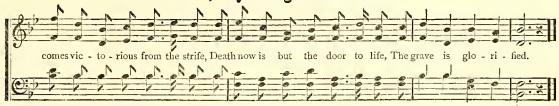
Sicilian Hymn.



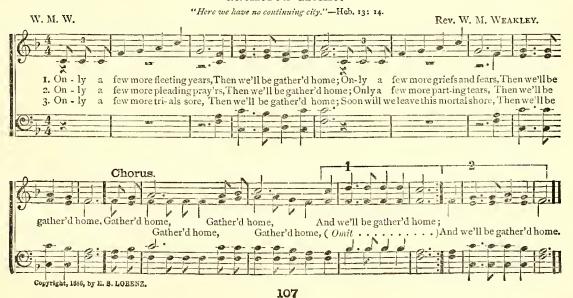
Jesus, my King.



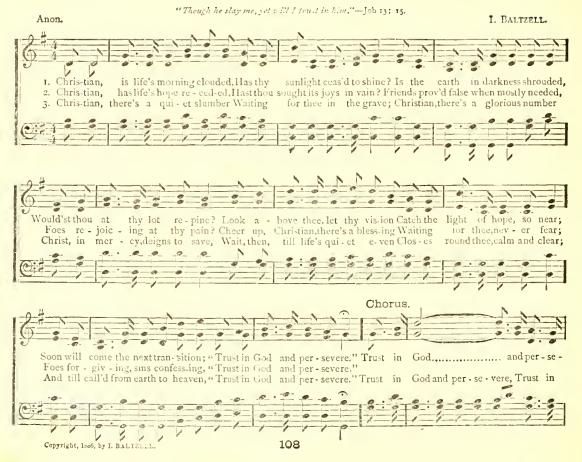




Gathered Home.



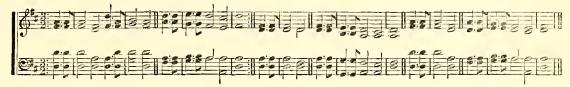
Trust in God and Persevere.





The Wells of Salvation.

"Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation,"-Is, 12: 3. E. S. LORENZ. Rev. W. O. CUSHING. Not too slow. I. Oh, the wells of sal - va - tion that in Je - sus I find! Oh, the riveers of love flow-ing free! 2. Oh, the wells of sal - va - tion, they are flow- ing for all. Who would drink from that stream and be whole; 3. Have you tast- ed His good ness, all His rich - es to know? Is the seal of His love on your brow? There's a foun-tain in Je - sus that is o - pen for all, There is life in that foun tain for me. There is life in its wa - ters, nev er - fail- ing and sure, There is cleans ing and peace for your soul. All the bliss that the prophets have for a - ges fore- told, Is for you who be-lieve on Him now, D.S. There's a fountain in Je-sus that is o-pen for all There is life in that fountain for me. Chorus. D.S.Oh, the wells! Oh, the wells of sal - vation! They are flowing for you and for me! of sal-va-tion they are flow-ing for me! 110



1 Zlon stands with hills surrounded, Zlon, kept by power divine; All her foes shall be confounded, Though the world in arms combine; Happy Ziou, What a favored lot is thine!

- 2 Every human tie may perish, Friend to friend unfaithful prove; Mothers cease their own to cherish, Heaven and carth at last remove; But no changes Can attend Jehovah's love.
- In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more
 bright,
 But can never cease to love thee;

Thou art precious in his sight; God is with thee— God, thine everlasting light.

167.

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty;
 Hold me with tby powerful hand;
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain Whence the healing waters flow; Let the fiery, cloudy pillar Lead me all my journey through; Strong Deliverer, Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid the swelling stream divide; Death of death, and hell's destruction, Land me safe on Canaan's side; Songs of praises I will ever give to thee.

168.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love and power: He is able, He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome; God's free bounty glorify, True belief and true repentance,— Every grace that brings you nigh: Without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fitness foundly dream; All the fitness he requireth Is to feel your need of him; This he gives you,— 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden, Bruised and mangled by the fall; If you tarry 'till your better, You will never come at all: Not the righteous,— Sinners, Jesus came to call. 169

1 In thy name, O Lord, assembling, We, thy people, now draw near; Teach us to rejoice with trembling; Speak, and let thy servants hear; Hear with meekness. Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened, May we give them, Lord, to thee;

May we give them, Lord, to thee; Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened, May we run, nor weary be.

May we ron, nor weary be, Till thy glory Without cloud in heaven we see.

tthout cloud in heaver

170.

- 1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our bearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 O, refresh us!
 Traveling through the wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joy ful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wiugs to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

Oh, His Blood was Shed for Me.





Come and Hear the Story Told.



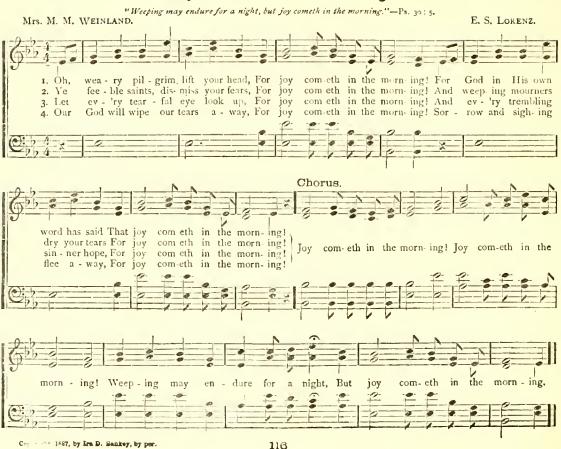
Come and Hear the Story Told.—Concluded.



174. Gethsemane.

"As ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."-Pet. 4: 13.

Joy Cometh in the Morning.





176

- 1 Stand up1 stand up for Jesus!
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high his royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss;
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall he lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this his glorious day;
 Ye that are men, now serve him,
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.
- 8 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in his streugth alone;
 The arm of flesh will fall you—
 Ye dare not trust your own.
 Put ou the gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not he long;
 This day the noise of hattle,
 The next the victor's song;
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall he;
 He, with the King of glory,
 Shall reign eternally.

177.

- 1 The morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gentie shower, And brighter seenes before us Are opening every hour; Each cry to heaven going Abundant answers brings; And heavenly gales are blowing, With peace upon their wings.
- 3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thine onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay.
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

178

1 When shall the voice of singing Flow joyfully along? When hill and valley ringing With one triumphant song; Proclaim the contest ended. And him, who once was slain, Again to earth descended, In righteousness to reign!

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

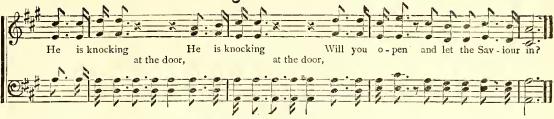
179.

- 1 Unfurl the Temp'rance Banner,
 And fing it to the breeze,
 And let the glad hosanna
 Sweep over land and seas;
 To God he all the glory
 For what we now behold—
 Oh, let the chcering story
 In every ear he told.
- 2 The drunkard shall not perish In Alcohol's dire chain, But wife and children cherish Within his home again; And sobered men, repenting, Will how at Jesus' feet, Their thankful hearts relenting Before the mery-scat.
- 3 A new-waked zeal is hurning
 In this and every land,
 And thousands now are turning
 To join our temp'rance hand;
 The light of truth is shining
 In many a darkened soul;
 Erc long its rays combining
 Will blaze from pole to pole,

He is Knocking at the Door.

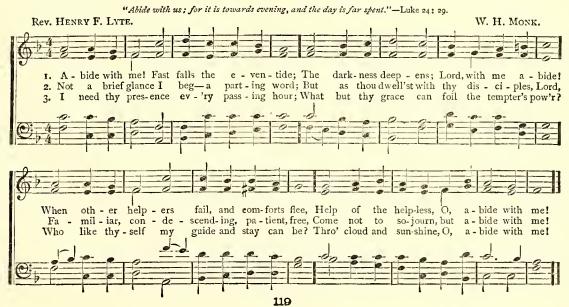


He is Knocking at the Door .- Concluded.

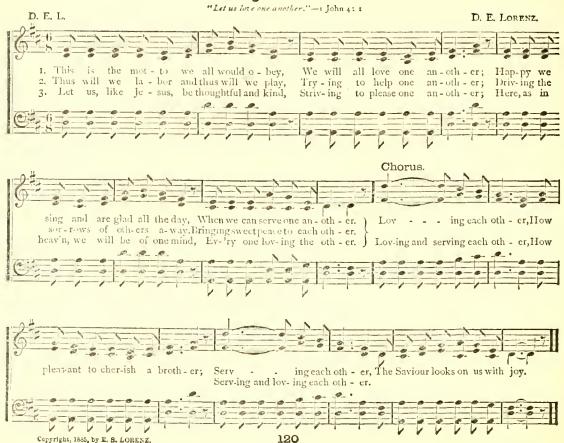


181.

Abide With Me.



Loving Each Other.

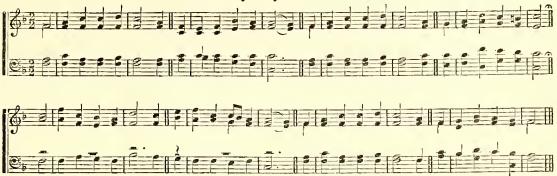


Wonderful Love of Jesus.



Let Us Work.





1 From Greenland's ley mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain,

They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high— Shall we, to men benighted, The lamp of life deny? Salvation, O salvation!

The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story, And you, ye waters, roll, Till, like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransom'd nature The Lamb for sinners slain, Redeemer, King, Creator, In bliss returns to relgn. 186

1 How beauteous, on the mountains,
The feet of him that brings,
Like streams from living fountains,
Good tidings of good tbings;
That publisheth salvation,
And jubilee release,
To every tribe and nation,
God's reign of joy and peace!

2 Lift up thy voice, oh, watchman! And shout, from Zion's towers, Thy hallelujah chorus,— "The victory is ours!" The Lord shall build up Zion In glory and renown, And Jesus, Judah's lion, Shall wear his rightful crown,

3 Break forth in hymns of gladuess; Oh, waste Jerusalem! Let songs, instead of sadness, Thy jubilee proclaim; The Lord, in strength victorious, Upon thy foes hath trod; Behold, oh, earth i the glorious Salvation of our God! 187

1 Our country's voice is pleading, Ye men of God, arise! His providence is leading, The land before you lies; Day-gleams are o'er it brightening, And promise clothes the soil; Wide fields, for harvest whitening, Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go where the waves are breaking On California's shore. Christ's precious gospel taking, More rich than golden ore; On Alleghany's mountains, Through all the western vale, Beside Missouri's fountains, Rehearse the wondrous tale,

3 The love of Christ unfolding, Speed on from east to west, Till all, his cross beholding. In him are fully blest. Great Author of salvation, Haste, haste the glorious day, When we, a ransomed nation, Thy sceptre shall obey.

They are Coming Home.



They are Coming Home. - Concluded.



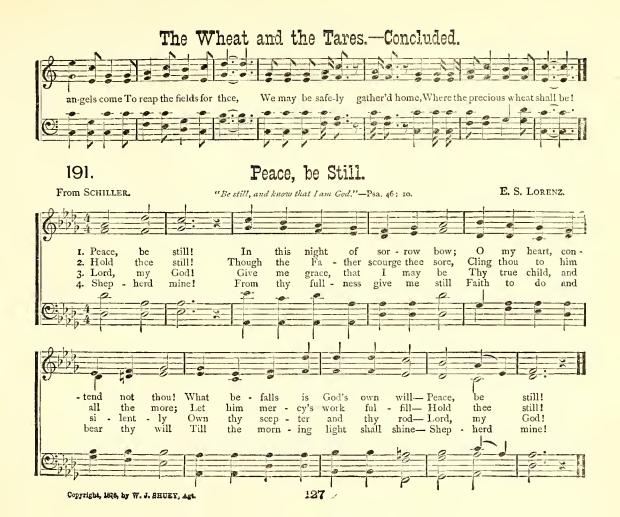
189.

Saviour! I Follow On.



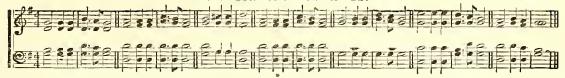
The Wheat and the Tares.





Jesus Kind.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."-Isa, 40: 11. I. B. CARLIN. E. S. LORENZ. 1. Gen the Shepherd of the sheep, Jesus kind, Jesus kind, Round me keep Thy loving arms close entwined; close entwined; 2. Oft - en did I hear Thy voice, call-ing me, calling me, Bidding me in warning tones, "turn and flee, turn and flee!" 3. Gen-the Shepherd of the sheep, Christ adored, Christ adored, How could I so long despise Thee my Lord, Thee my Lord! Safe from every foe I rest, And on Thy pro-tect-ing breast, I am hap-py, I am blest, Jessus kind, Jessus kind, But Iscorned Thy gracious voice Till I made the better choice, Now in Thee I can rejoice, Je sus kind, Je-sus kind, Let me nev-er give Thee pain; Let me nev - er sin a gain; In my heart for ev - er reign, Je-sus kind, Je sus kind, Hear the song of praise I sing, Take the lit - the heart I bring, Be my Saviour and my King, Je- sus kind.



- I My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt away, O, let mc from this day Be wholly thiue.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As thou hast died for me, O, may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From thee aside.

194

1 Come, thou Almighty King! Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father, all-glorious, O'er all victorious, Come and reign over us, Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou Incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword; Our prayer attend; Come, and thy people hless, And give thy word success; Spirit of holiness; On us descend.

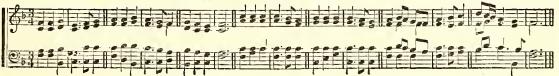
195.

- 1 God hless our native laud! Firm may she ever stand, Through storm and night; When the wild tempests rave, Ruler of wiuds and wave! Do thou our country save, By thy great might.
- 2 For her our prayer shall rise To God, above the skies; On him we wait; Thou, who art ever nigh, Guardian, with watchful eye, To thee aloud we cry,— God saye the State!

196.

- 1 My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From every mountain side Let freedom ring!
- 2 My native country, thee,— Land of the noble, free,— Thy name—I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
- 3 Our fathers' God! to thee, Author of liherty, To thee we sing: Long may our land he bright, With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God. our King!

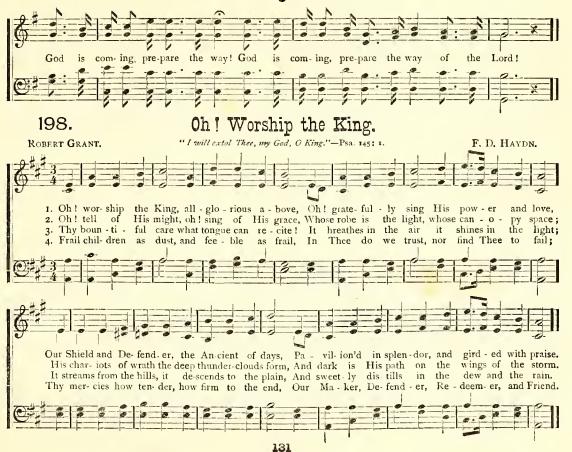
America. 6s & 4s.



God is Coming.



God is Coming.—Concluded.





Busy Little Gleaners.



Work and Pray.



202. HOPE. 6s. 4s.



- 1 Fade, fade each earthly Joy;
 Jesus is mine:
 Break every tender tie;
 Jesus is mine:
 Dark is the wilderness,
 Earth has no resting-place,
 Jesus alone cau bless;
 Jesus is mine.
- 2 Tempt not my soul away;
 Jesus is mine:
 Here would I ever stay;
 Jesus is mine:
 Perishing things of clay,
 Born but for one brief day,
 Pass from my heart away;
 Jesus is mine.
- 3 Farewell, mortality;
 Jesus is miue:
 Welcome, eternity;
 Jesus is mine:
 Welcome, O loved and hlest,
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
 Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
 Jesus is mine.

203. BEST.

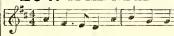


- 1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the dread of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is supremely blest; No fear, no woes, shall dim the hour, Which manifests the Saviour's power.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O for me May such a blissful refuge he; Securely shall my ashes lie, And wait the summons from on high.

4 Asleep ln Jesus far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be; But thine is still a blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep,

204. He leadeth me.



1 He leadeth me! oh, hlessed thought! Oh, words with heaveuly comfort fraught! Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

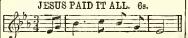
REFRAIN.

He leadeth me, he leadeth me, By his own hand, he leadeth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's howers bloom, By waters still, or troubled sea, Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mlne, Nor ever murmur nor repine, Content, whatever lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me,

205.



1 I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all, All to him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

- 2 For nothing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim— I'il wash my garment white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
- 3 When from my dying hed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then "Jesus paid it all," Shall rend the vaulted skies.

206.

GREAT PHYSICIAN. 8s, 7s.



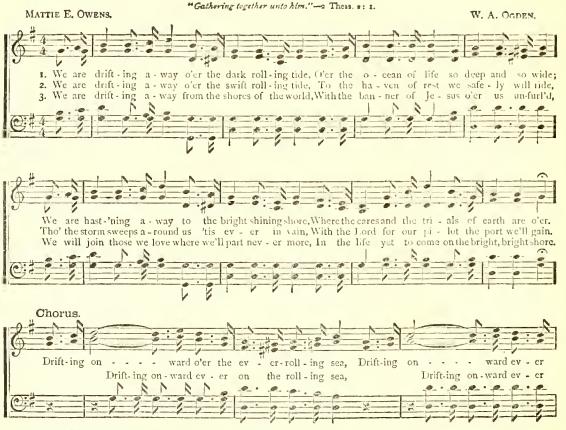
1 The great Physician now is near, The sympathizing Jesus; He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.

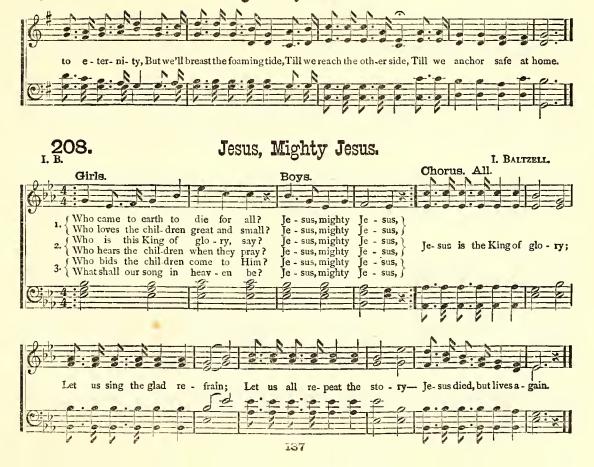
Sweetest note in seraph song, Sweetest name on mortal tongue, Sweetest carol ever sung, Jesus, blessed Jesus.

- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven, O bear the voice of Jesus; Go on your way in peace to heaven And wear a crown with Jesus.
- 3 All glory to the dylng Lamb! I now believe in Jesus; I love the blessed Saviour's name, I love the name of Jesus,

Drifting Away.



Drifting Away.—Concluded.



/ Riches of Grace.

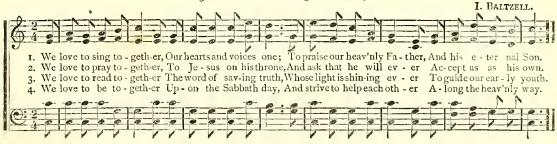


Riches of Grace.—Concluded.



210.

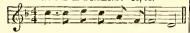
All Together. "Sing aloud unto God our strength."—Psa, 81: 1.



Listen to the Bells.



212. WHAT A FRIEND, 88, 78,



- 1 What a Friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and grief to bear! What a privilege to carry Every thing to God in prayer! O what peace we often forfeit, O what needless pain we bear— All because we do not carry Every thing to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we triais and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere? We should never be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share? Jesus knows our every weak ness; Take it to the Lord in prayer.

213. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.

- 1 Work, for the night is coming, Work through the morning hours; Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flowers; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming, Work through the sunny noon; Fill brightest hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give every flying minute Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, Wheeman works no more.
- 8 Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for the daylight files.

Work till the last heam fadeth, Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.

214.

HOME OVER THERE. 8s.

 O think of the home over there, By the side of the river of light, Where the saints, all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.

REFRAIN.

Over there, over there, O think of the home over there.

2 O think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God.

3 My Saviour is now over there, There my kindred and friends are at rest, Then away from my sorrow and care, Let me fly to the land of the biest.

215. REST FOR THE WEARY.



I In the Christian's home in giory,
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.

CHORUS.

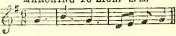
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion, Which eternally shall stand: For my stay shall not be transient In that holy, happy land.

3 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory! Shout your triumphs as you go; Zion's gates will open for you, You shall find an entrance through.

216.

MARCHING TO ZION. S. M.



1 Come, ye that iove the Lord, And let your joys he known: Join in a song with sweet accord, White ye surround his throne.

CHORUS.

We re marching to Zion, Beautiful, beautiful Zioni We're marching upward to Zion, The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing, Who never knew our God; But servants of the Heavenly King May speak their joys abroad.

3 Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry; We're marching through Immanuel's ground To fairer worlds on high.

Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

"Found the man * ** sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind."-Luke 8: 35. PRISCILLA I. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ. the peace that fills my soul, Sitting at the feet of le - sus; Cleans'd from sin, made free and whole, 2. Christ is mine in storm and calm, Sit-ting at the feet All my wounds are fill'd with balm, of Je - sus; 3. Here I rest from toil and strife, Sit-ting at the feet Safe be-neath the tree of life, of le - sus; 4. Come, ye guilt - y, and be heal'd, Sit-ting at the feet of Te - sus; Free-ly is God's love re-yeal'd. Chorus. Sit - ting the feet le - sus. Sit - ting the feet bid - ing place, Cloth'd with his Sit - ting the feet the feet Sit - ting - bound - ing grace, Look - ing up - ward to his face, Sit - ting at the feet 142 Copyright, 1885, by E. S. LORENZ,

Lo! I am With Thee.



My Precious Bible.

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my path."-Psa, 199; 105.

E. S. LORENZ





And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face!
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

There is Work for All to Do.



222. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. Key of Ab.

1 I love to tell the Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love;
I love to tell the Story,
Because I know it 's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest;
And when in seenes of glory
I sing the New, New Song,
Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long.

223.
THE OLD, OLD STORY.
Rev of C.

1 Tell me the Old, Old Story Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and his glory, Of Jesus and his love; Tell me the Story simply, As to a little child, For I am weak and weary, And helpless and defiled.

CHORUS.

Tell me the Old, Old Story, Tell me the Old, Old Story, Tell me the Old, Old Story, Of Jesus and his love.

2 Tell me the same old Story,
When you bave cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear;
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story;
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

224.

I AM COMING. Key of G.

1 I am coming to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.

CHORUS.

I am trusting, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Calvary: Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has evil reigned within; Jesus sweetly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
- 3 Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store, Soul and body thine to he,— Wholly thine for evermore,

225.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

- 1 Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee! E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
- 2 Though like the wanderer, The sun goue down, Darkness be over me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
- 3 There let my way appear Steps unto heaven; All that thou sendest me In mercy given; Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

226.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me, at my Father's throne,
 Make all my wants and wishes kuown;
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief,
 And off escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To him, whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless:
 And since he bids me seek his face,
 Believe his word, and trust his grace,
 I'll cast on him my every care,
 Aud wait for thee, sweet hour of
 prayer.

227.

WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?

- 1 I gave My life for thee,
 My precious blood I shed,
 That thou might'st ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead!
 I gave, I gave My life for thee,
 What hast thou given for Me?
- 2 My father's house of light,—
 My glory circled throne,
 I left, for earthly night,
 For wand rings sad and lone;
 I left, I left it all for thee,
 Hast thou left aught for Me?
- 3 I suffered much for thee,
 More than thy tongue can tell,
 Of bitterest agony,
 To rescue thee from hell;
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
 What hast thou borne for Me?
- 4 And I have brought to thee, Down from My home above, Salvation full and free, My pardon and My love; I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

Praise Ye the Lord.





I will Praise the Name of Jesus.

"For there is none other name under heaven given among men : herely we must be saved." -Acts 4: 12.





Jesus is Risen.

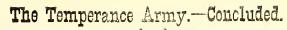


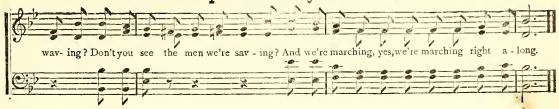
Over the Hills.



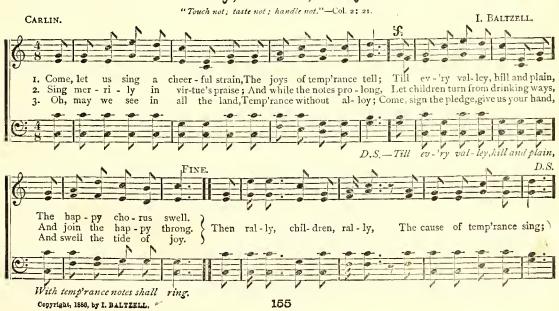
The Temperance Army.







Rally, Children, Rally.





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George H Jordel 1891 Wink At B. H. Suminus Achart teacher & the Horner

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